

PS  
3515  
.A813  
J8



Gray Monks' Library

# Jungle Apes Abroad

## A Travesty on The World-War



Class PS3515

Book A813 J8

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**





GRAY MONKS' LIBRARY

---

# Jungle Apes Abroad

## A Travesty on The World - War

By SOL SUNDERLAND *[Sunderland]*  
*Author of The Cave-Dwellers*

Cartoons by Adonis



*Harvey's Game: Daniel*

---

ATLAS PUBLISHERS' EXCHANGE  
2504 WILCOX AVENUE :: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PS3515  
A813J8

Copyright, 1917, by Atlas Publishers' Exchange



DEC 27 1917

©CL.A492049

10-1

## Publishers' Preface

THE tragic portrayal, in verse, of mankind exterminated in the world-war, and replaced by jungle apes, transfixed our attention at once. We lost no time in closing our contract with the inspired author, upon whom a book-loving world are turning their wondering eyes. The soul-harrowing verses of the author, nobly sustained by the illustrations executed by Adonis, the famous cartoonist, are presented herein to the reading public. We hope that the circulation of this carefully prepared souvenir of the world's most terrible cataclysm will prove worthy of the merits, both of the poem and the cartoons.

ATLAS PUBLISHERS' EXCHANGE.



Hammer of stone and oaken stick  
Wrought dire destruction, fast and thick.



## CANTO I.

# The Spectre Apes.



UR scientists, found everywhere,  
Their faces plowed with lines of care,  
Explain the evolution plan  
Which has produced the race of man.

First, starting back in nebulae,  
They tell how planets came to be.  
The planets hardened, but were hot;  
Then slowly cooled, began to rot  
The surface round. Then wriggling things,  
With neither legs nor show of wings,  
Became the earliest generations  
Of all the animal creations.  
They wriggle round some million years,  
Till higher range of life appears;  
Then fins and legs and wings appeared,  
And natural selection steered  
The highest types of life yet known.  
These learned men have plainly shown  
That jungle apes, for ages long,  
Roamed through the woods in motley throng,  
Whilst struggling for some sort of speech  
Better than crudesome howl and screech.  
When man arrived at prouder shape,  
He full disdained the parent ape.  
The inter-racial wars we pass,  
When men gorillas did outclass,  
And back and forth, with club and spear,  
Smote every foe that did appear.  
Hammer of stone and oaken stick  
Wrought dire destruction, fast and thick.  
When mankind gained the best of it,  
The ape, with crude and clumsy wit,  
Abandoned conflicts at the front  
For plodding life of jungle hunt.  
The humans rose to culture vast,  
And on gorilla sires now cast

Yet haughtier frowns then e'er before.  
The merchant prince, with lavish store  
Of mortal comforts, strutted round  
His rich estate's bemansioned ground.  
But, e'er his bliss was full complete,  
The call to war his ears did greet.  
The nations mustered right and left,  
Some million homes of sires bereft.  
Brothers and sons went forth to fight,  
Each for his king's ideas of right.  
In all this world-wide scourging war,  
The embattled hosts were fighting for  
The tweedledum and tweedledee  
Of politics of powers that be.  
Then nightmares, with new style of dread,  
Beset each weary statesman's head.  
Barons of this, and counts of that,  
Engaged in consequential chat  
To steer the tide of war, beheld  
A spectre which their heart-beats quelled  
With chilling terror. Bands of apes,  
With glaring eyes and hideous shapes,  
Each armed with knotted oaken stick,  
Thronged through the doorway, fast and thick.  
They circled round the men of state,  
And thus their chieftain did orate:  
"We come from out the jungles wild  
To see the human race beguiled  
To scourging war. For ages past  
We've owned gorilla bands outclassed  
In ways progressive. We had hope  
That man, with his ambitious scope,  
Would modify his breeding pen,  
So that contemporary men  
Could have some peaceful breathing space,  
The business of their age to face.  
Ye whipped us once beyond repair,  
Close faced within the jungle lair.  
But now you've reckless run your rope  
And fight each other, past all hope.  
When ye shipwreck in hopeless shape



They circled round the men of state  
And thus their chieftain did orate.



'Tis not the part of jungle ape  
To mend your plight. 'Tis ours to say,  
Build huger guns, and fight away.  
When full destroyed your fickle race,  
Such tragic dearth we'll bravely face.  
Gorilla bands will lift their heads,  
Build fairer bowers and daintier beds.  
We'll stalk abroad o'er human graves,  
Repeopling with gorilla braves.  
New comforts for ourselves we'll plan,  
As fades away the age of man.  
We shall be lords of thrift and peace,  
When all our human kindred cease."

Those statesmen uttered groan and shriek,  
When grinning apes began to speak  
In human phrases, and to be  
Spokesmen of strange philosophy,  
Prompted they knew not whence. At last,  
After some moments time had passed,  
A noble lord rose to his feet,  
Those jungle arguments to meet.  
"Believe ye then our sun has set,  
And ye alone the case have met  
With new-planned species, born to rule?"

The ape replied, "In rugged school  
Of universal war ye strive,  
Hoping some remnant may survive  
And longer rule the earth. Yet know  
The worlds move on, where'er ye go,  
To power or to destruction. Fight.  
And, if your species ends in blight,  
Then ours must plan the coming day,  
When your creations fade away."  
Each statesman's hopes to ashes turned.  
The assembly was declared adjourned.  
Whate'er the futures of those men,  
When such wild nightmares come again,  
They'll tremble for their godlike race,  
Lest jungle apes usurp their place.

## CANTO II.

# The Vision of Count Von Snooks.



MONGST the statesmen who had seen  
The spectre apes, of hideous mien,  
Was Count Von Snooks, a mighty man  
In every sort of world-war plan.  
Midst vast arrays of maps and books,  
Burdened with care, dwelt Count Von Snooks.  
Look now his frowning castle o'er,  
Built by Teutonic lords of yore,  
And oft repaired by modern hands.  
Upon the old ancestral lands  
Has grown a city, small in size,  
Yet full of statesmen great and wise.  
They live in mansions, copied close  
From feudal castles, I suppose.  
We know, from all their anxious looks,  
Their hopes are fixed on Count Von Snooks.  
The mighty statesman sat alone,  
Close heedful of his telephone,  
That problems international  
Might reach his notice first of all.  
In his arm chair he fell asleep,  
And fitful dreams did o'er him creep.  
A giant ape, of hideous looks,  
Towered o'er the chair of Count Von Snooks.  
The statesman's heart grew dumb with fear  
To see the creature standing near.  
The big brute grinned, and rubbed his chin,  
Then took a seat and did begin:  
"Fear not, O statesman, brave and bold,  
And calm those features gray and old.  
I've come from jungles far away,  
And settled near your town to stay.  
Gorilla bands have followed me;  
Their settlements all men can see  
Within the timber round. Some day,  
As human armies melt away,



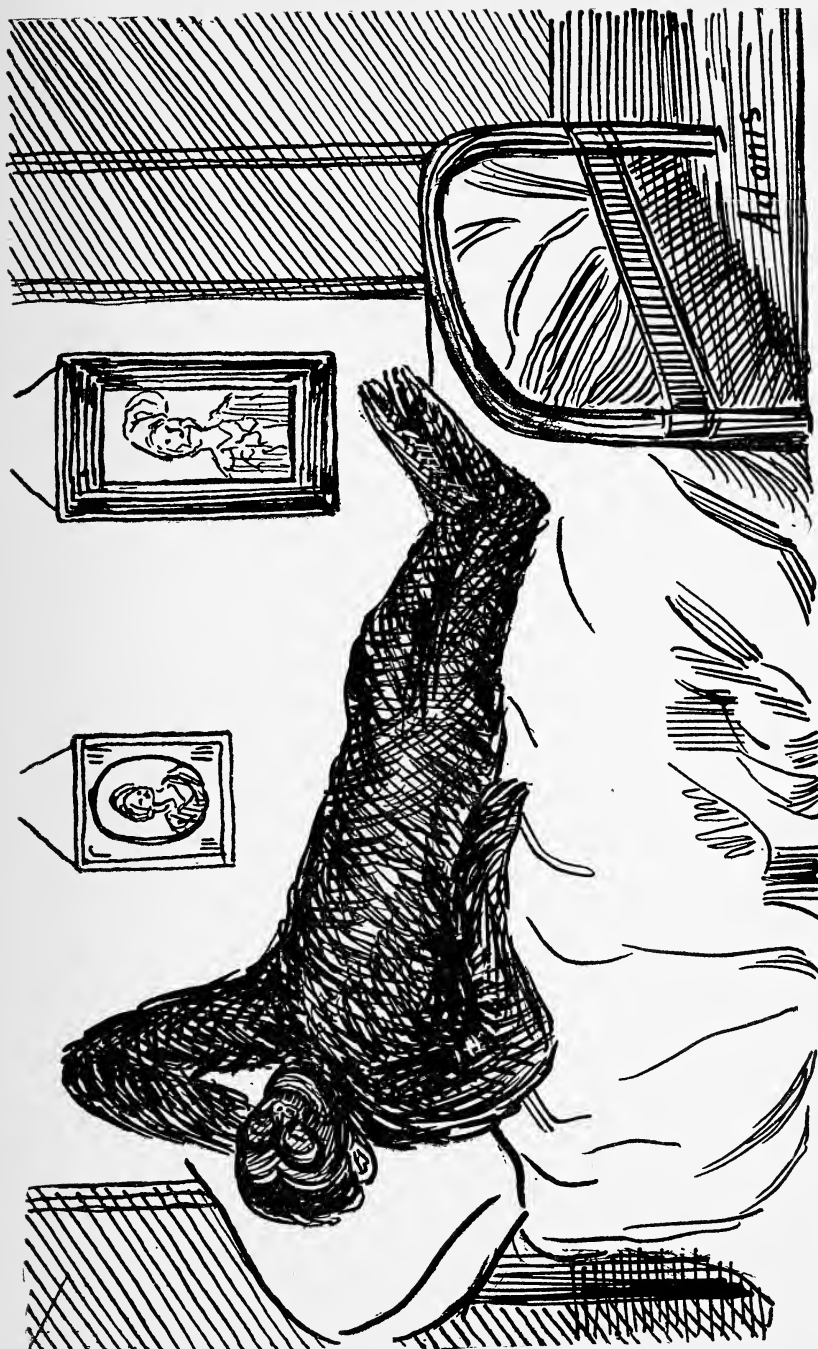
The big brute grinned, and rubbed his chin,  
Then took a seat and did begin.





We'll look around your streets, and find  
Such vacant mansions as my mind  
Delights in most. These we can hold,  
And thence exploit our projects bold.  
Fear not, my brave and learned friend.  
If you have power the case to mend  
Of your distracted race, proceed,  
And let us help you all you need.”  
The creature grinned, and chuckled strange,  
The while his thoughts he did arrange,  
And then went on, “I only called  
That my new plans might be installed  
In harmony with yours. You see,  
There's no hostility in me.  
We've spurned our clubs; we shall not fight  
To champion the brute-world's right  
To dwell amongst mankind, or fill  
Their places when the dread foe kill.  
Pray, calm your fears, and tell me true  
What future hopes encourage you?”  
The old count clinched his teeth, and stared,  
And stammered long, so ill-prepared  
Was he to meet the case. At last  
His glimpses o'er the brute he cast,  
And hissed between his teeth, “Alas,  
Mankind have reached a shameful pass  
To treat with such as you. I know  
The nations through much grief must go  
Before the war shall cease. But yet  
I hope some higher plane they'll get,  
When peace shall come again, and dwell  
Midst luxuries that please them well.”  
The scene dispelled, and others came.  
Through all the old count's grief and shame  
The days and months went fleeting by,  
Whilst brutish apes, beneath his eye,  
Grew stronger through the region. When,  
Out of the window of his den,  
He scanned a castle quaint and old,  
Which some rich baron long did hold,

Who now was slain, within the tower  
An ape had fixed his whimsie bower;  
Upon the bed lay grim and rude.  
A gothic window open stood,  
Through which the creature grinned at him.  
Then every wild gorilla whim  
Succeeded fast. For, high and low,  
Through those old rooms the apes did go,  
Rough handling all the furniture,  
And making their possession sure.  
The scene dispelled, but o'er and o'er,  
New dreams, each deadlier than before,  
Did rack the brain of Count Von Snooks.  
Amidst those dusty maps and books  
He madly stared. Some object rose,  
And swept so close it brushed his clothes.  
Then, seated in that haunted den,  
The royal ape faced him again.  
"My sapient friend," the creature said,  
"Some millions more of men are dead.  
The town where you were born and reared  
Belongs to apes, as you have feared,  
To some extent. And I myself  
Have risen to the topmost shelf.  
The mayor's castle now is mine.  
In ape society I shine,  
And visit men in midnight dreams,  
Creeping amongst the rafter beams;  
Rude arguing their future case,  
Persuading they have run their race."  
The scene dispelled. He dreamed again;  
And scarce a handful, now, of men  
Dwelt in the town around. Instead,  
Whichever way he turned his head,  
He saw gorillas strolling round,  
And claiming everything they found.  
In almost every mansion dwelt  
Gorillas who the problem felt  
Of reconstructing world affairs,  
Safe housed within their mansion lairs.



An ape had fixed his whimsie bower;  
Upon the bed lay, grim and rude.



And now all human things were past;  
The count of all mankind was last.  
The apes ran things a little rough,  
But had ambition quite enough.  
They cherished, with full solemn looks,  
Their lonely guest, poor Count Von Snooks.  
At sundry times they came to him,  
Exploiting some seductive whim.  
They learned to reason more and more,  
And valued much the human lore  
Enmassed in his great library.  
Full well they knew, none more than he  
Had led mankind in wisdom's ways.  
They baited him with words of praise,  
And argued, in primeval way,  
With their strange guest from day to day.  
Beside the plans of mortal kind  
They briskly strove new paths to find  
For their advancement. Count Von Snooks  
Instructed them from human books;  
And, when new schemes they did essay,  
He helped them on their onward way.  
Gorilla dames of hideous looks  
Oft tried their wiles on Count Von Snooks,  
But he preferred to play the monk,  
And every courtship proved a flunk.  
Some centuries passed, yet Count Von Snooks  
Still dwelt on earth with vigorous looks.  
He did not age, his life was charmed,  
And no rude ape the wise guest harmed.  
Though dreary was the old count's life,  
With neither neighbor, child nor wife,  
His sincere friendship for the apes  
Was mutual help in countless shapes.  
Slowly the human fashions waned;  
Gorilla customs daily gained;  
Labored, of course, their progress was;  
And yet, so noble was their cause  
To remedy each old abuse,  
Their wit availed to clever use.

Where once extremes of rich and poor  
Made hardships painful to endure,  
Gorilla evolution brought  
The rude relief men long had sought;  
And ape lords now, in human place,  
Right nobly these reforms did face.  
They swung in hammocks everywhere,  
Or lounged back in some easy chair,  
Left by their human predecessors,  
Of whom they were the proud successors.  
They had few manufactured wares,  
But turned with dread from such dull cares.  
With patient help from Count Von Snooks,  
Some furniture of dubious looks  
They learned to make. Yet every ape  
Managed to live in ample shape,  
Though all could not be lords, of course.  
The faithful count was endless source  
Of good ideas to aid their plans  
To rearrange the world of man's.  
Whilst laboring with the apes, Von Snooks  
Lunged over on a heap of books.  
He woke from out that tragic dream,  
And all the world a maze did seem!  
The telephone now rallied him  
To listen to some warrior's whim.  
Each time he meets with statesmen now  
His wild nightmare he doth avow;  
And argues for some nobler shape  
Of world affairs than jungle ape  
Could ever plan, should he replace  
The frail, yet godlike, human race.



They swung in hammocks, everywhere,  
Or lounged back in some easy chair.





## The Gray Monks' Library.

WE have no means of knowing how vastly ancient the origin of the monastic institutions of mankind may have been. It is equally impossible to reconstruct, either an actual or a fanciful chain of ethical thought and ethical modifications that led up to the wonderful careers of two great systems of religion, the one destined to mightily overshadow the other. We refer respectively to the cult of Zoroaster and the triumphant sway of Christianity. One thing is certain: modern literature is vastly indebted to the groping industries of the cloister, the untiring energies of the Roman Catholic monks and nuns, for the glorious causes of human learning, literature and art. We even cannot restrain the question, Would Christianity ever have made good along the mystic lines of her wondrous triumphs, had it not been for the mighty work performed in her behalf by monastery and convent?

We now behold a dramatic sequel to the literary triumphs of Roman Catholic institutions, which have become a matter of history. Our literature, art and ethics are yet in primeval stages, and a glorious future awaits them. This indisputable fact has given origin to what we must style a literary conception of vast dynamic significance for the futures of human culture. We refer to two ideal organizations, the International Order of Gray Monks and the I. O. of Gray Nuns.

Lodges have been organized throughout the world, modeled loosely after the monastic institutions of Catholicism. Any group or cluster of literati anywhere are authorized to organize one of these lodges, and work with us for literature, art and progressive ethics. The official organ of this entire literary conception is THE GRAY MONKS' LIBRARY, an endless series of liter-

ary, art and ethical productions, looking to the futures of mankind and their expanding culture.

An incidental department of this noble series of publications is the GRAY NUNS' LIBRARY, devoted to the concerns of the fair sex. The editorial staff is as follows: GRAY MONKS' LIBRARY, Gabriel Grundy and Guessly Green; GRAY NUNS' LIBRARY, Regina Kelly and Winnie Waverly.

Address all correspondence to the

ATLAS PUBLISHERS' EXCHANGE  
2504 Wilcox Ave., Chicago, Ill.

# The International Institute

## *An Ideal College of Journalism*

### Authorship and Illustrative Art

WE invite the careful attention of young and middle-aged people with ambitions along these lines. Read the publications of the GRAY MONKS' LIBRARY, and study the general plan upon which its futures are forecast. Note the general style of the authors, who, under sundry noms de plume, are writing these texts for publication. Note the class of subjects discussed, the plan of discussion, and the length of chapters and articles. Consider carefully the character and range of the artists' sketches and cartoons. Unite yourselves to our captivating classes by writing and drawing for GRAY MONKS' LIBRARY. Fashion your contributions to conform to the general prospectus.

If your material is usable, according to the standards of GRAY MONKS' LIBRARY, you will be offered a price for your manuscripts, which you may accept or refuse as you like. Our examining instructors are willing to revise and rearrange a little, and our artists will redraw and complete, if your contributions are found worth the trouble.

NO MSS. WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. You must keep duplicates for your other utilities. Your own names and chosen noms de plume will rarely be published, as your material will be rearranged to suit the previously-planned prospectus of the Gray Monks' Editors.

Everything published by GRAY MONKS' LIBRARY should be accepted as, to an important extent, exemplifying the industries of the busy classes of the INSTITUTE. As you become acquainted with the latter, you will find it to be a priceless storehouse of literary, ethical and art treasures, gleaned from all parts of the world and all ages of mankind, whether historical, legendary, or archæological. It will be noticed that the literary department comprises both prose and verse. For our department of Illustrative Art a special text-book series is being prepared, entitled THE INTERNATIONAL ART COURSE. If your productions are accepted, continue your work with our publishers as long as it is worth your while. If you fail, do not devote too much time to this drill.

Herein you will find one of the best training systems offered by any College of Journalism in the world.

Address all exercises intended for the inspection of our instructors, and for possible publication, to

**INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE**

2504 Wilcox Ave., Chicago, Ill.

# Agents, Traveling Salesmen, Book and Novelty Dealers

---

Don't miss our line of literary, ethical and art novelties, which will speedily expand into a noble assortment of rare books, small and large.

*How rapidly can you sell  
10,000,000 choice books?*

Start now and be in the foreground when the grand rush comes for our goods.

## Book Lovers, Everywhere

---

*Order our books from the home office, post-paid for their respective prices; or order through your local dealer.*

---

Atlas Publishers' Exchange  
2504 Wilcox Avenue Chicago, Illinois

# Horses, Mules and Dairy Cattle

---

---

*Medium to Heavy Draft Horses and Mules;  
Dairy Cattle, Medium to Choicest*

---

---

We handle both graded stock and thorough-  
breds, carefully registered. We specialize on  
Holstein and Guernsey thoroughbreds.

---

---

Watch the

---

---

Meadowbrook Farms and Ranches  
for Reliable Shippers.

*Sellers, Buyers, One and All,  
write us some of your best  
propositions*

---

---

## B. Meadowbrook Company

Live Stock Shippers

2504 Wilcox Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

## *To Advertisers:*

Commercial firms accustomed to advertise very heavily will receive valuable propositions by addressing

### **ATLAS PUBLISHERS' EXCHANGE**

2504 Wilcox Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

# Syndicated Texts, Illustrations *and* Cartoons

Any and all of our plates may be had by publishers who take a liking to our line of material. Two important facts should always be borne in mind, however. The first is, that it is likely to take a number of days to fill your order. The second is, that we charge a good, round price for the use of our cuts, and our material all has iron-clad protection by copyright.









